



These are the socks I want— They're Holeproofs!

This ad says—Holeproof Hose are made from the finest Egyptian and Sea Island cotton yarns, costing an average of 74¢ per pound. Common yarn, selling for 32¢, cannot be half so good as ours.

But we must use the best of materials, in order to guarantee these hose.

We guarantee six pairs of cotton Holeproofs to need no darning for six months. And if any of the six pairs fail in that time we will replace them with new hose free.

We are selling stockings and socks to millions. If it were not for that fact we couldn't afford to sell Holeproofs at the price of common kinds. Holeproofs are soft, close-fitting, stylish; and they are made in the lightest weights if you want them.

Why pay the same price per pair for hose that lack the Holeproof advantages?

\$1.50 per box and up for six pairs of men's cotton Holeproofs; \$2.00 per box and up for six pairs of women's or children's in cotton; \$1.00 per box for four pairs of infants' in cotton. Above boxes guaranteed six months. \$1.00 per box for three pairs of children's cotton Holeproofs guaranteed three months. \$2.00 per box for three pairs of men's silk Holeproof socks; \$1.00 per box for three pairs of women's silk Holeproof stockings. Boxes fully guaranteed three months. Three pairs of Silk-Faced Holeproofs for men, \$1.50; for women, \$2.25. Three pairs of Silk-Faced are guaranteed for three months.

Holeproof Hosiery Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

Holeproof Hosiery Co., of Canada, Ltd., London, Canada
Holeproof Hosiery Co., 19 Church Alley, Liverpool, Eng.

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FOR MEN AND WOMEN

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treasury at Washington for it. I had to stay till I had it all, every man and every secret right here in this hand. I'd have waited a little longer if it hadn't come to my knowledge that my secret was coming out. A letter had come into the town that would have set you wise to it all. Then I had to act and act quickly.

"I've nothing more to say to you, except that when my time comes I'll die the easier when I think of the work I have done in this valley. Now, Marvin, I'll keep you no more. Take them in and get it over."

THREE is little more to tell. Scanlan had been given a sealed note to be left at the address of Miss Ettie Shafter, a mission which he had accepted with a wink and a knowing smile. In the early hours of the morning a beautiful woman and a much muffled man boarded a special train which had been sent by the railroad company, and made a swift, unbroken journey out of the land of danger. It was the last time that ever either Ettie or her lover set foot in the Valley of Fear. Ten days later they were married in Chicago, with old Jacob Shafter as witness of the wedding.

The trial of the Scowlers was held far from the place where their adherents might have terrified the guardians of the law. In vain they struggled. In vain the money of the lodge—money squeezed by blackmail out of the whole countryside—was spent like water in the attempt to save them. That cold, clear, unimpassioned statement from one who knew every detail of their lives, their organization, and their crimes was unshaken by all the wiles of their defenders. At last after so many years they were broken and scattered. The cloud was lifted forever from the valley.

McGinty met his fate upon the scaffold, cringing and whining when the last hour came. Eight of his chief followers shared his fate. Fifty-odd had various degrees of imprisonment. The work of Birdy Edwards was complete.

And yet, as he had guessed, the game was not over yet. There was another hand to be played, and yet another and another. Ted Baldwin, for one, had escaped the scaffold; so had the Willabys; so had several others of the fiercest spirits of the gang. For ten years they were out of the world, and then came a day when they were free once more,—a day which Edwards, who knew his men, was very sure would be an end of his life of peace. They had sworn an oath on all that they thought holy to have his blood as a vengeance for their comrades. And well they strove to keep their vow!

From Chicago he was chased, after two attempts so near success that it was sure that the third would get him. From Chicago he went under a changed name to California, and it was there that the fight went for a time out of his life when Ettie Edwards died. Once again he was nearly killed, and once again under the name of Douglas he worked in a lonely canyon, where with an English partner named Barker he amassed a fortune. At last there came a warning to him that the bloodhounds were on his track, once more, and he cleared—only just in time—for England. And thence came the John Douglas who for a second time married a worthy mate, and lived for five years as a Sussex county gentleman, a life which ended with the strange happenings of which we have heard.

Epilogue

THE police trial had passed, in which the case of John Douglas was referred to a higher court. So had the Quarter Sessions, at which he was acquitted as having acted in self-defense.

"Get him out of England at any cost," wrote Holmes to the wife. "There are forces here which may be more dangerous than those he has escaped. There is no safety for your husband in England."

Two months had gone by, and the case had to some extent passed from our minds. Then one morning there came an enigmatic note slipped into our letterbox. "Dear me, Mr. Holmes! Dear me!" said this singular epistle. There was neither superscription nor signature. I laughed at the quaint message; but Holmes showed unwonted seriousness.

"Deviltry, Watson!" he remarked, and sat long with a clouded brow.

Late last night Mrs. Hudson, our landlady, brought up a message that a gentleman wished to see Holmes, and that the matter was of the utmost importance. Close at the heels of his messenger came Cecil Barker, our friend of the moated Manor House. His face was drawn and haggard.

"I've had bad news—terrible news, Mr. Holmes," said he.

"I feared as much," said Holmes.

"You have not had a cable, have you?"

"I have had a note from someone who has."

"It's poor Douglas. They tell me his

name is Edwards; but he will always be Jack Douglas of Benito Canyon to me. I told you that they started together for South Africa in the Palmyra three weeks ago."

"Exactly."

"The ship reached Cape Town last night. I received this cable from Mrs. Douglas this morning:

"Jack has been lost overboard in gale off St. Helena. No one knows how accident occurred."

"Ivy Douglas."

"Hah! It came like that, did it?" said Holmes thoughtfully. "Well, I've no doubt it was well stage-managed."

"You mean that you think there was no accident?"

"None in the world."

"He was murdered?"

"Surely!"

"So I think also. These infernal Scowlers, this cursed vindictive nest of criminals—"

"No, no, my good sir!" said Holmes.

"There is a master hand here. It is no case of sawed-off shotgun and clumsy six-shooters. You can tell an old master by the sweep of his brush. I can tell a Maria 'y when I see one. This crime is from London, not from America."

"But for what motive?"

"Because it is done by a man who cannot afford to fail, one whose whole unique position depends upon the fact that all he does must succeed. A great brain and a huge organization have been turned to the extinction of one man. It is crushing the nut with the tripmammer—an absurd extravagance of energy; but the nut is very effectively crushed all the same."

"How came this man to have anything to do with it?"

"I can only say that the first word that ever came to us of the business was from one of his lieutenants. These Americans were well advised. Having an English job to do, they took into partnership, as any foreign criminal could do, this great consultant in crime. From that moment their man was doomed. At first he would content himself by using his machinery in order to find their victim. Then he would indicate how the matter might be treated. Finally, when he read in the reports of the failure of this agent, he would step in himself with a master touch. You heard me warn this man at Birdbone Manor House that the coming danger was greater than the past. Was I right?"

Barker beat his head with his clenched fist in his impotent anger. "Do you tell me that we have to sit down under this? Do you say that no one can ever get level with this king devil?"

"No, I don't say that," said Holmes, and his eyes seemed to be looking far into the future. "I don't say that he can't be beaten. But you must give me time—you must give me time!"

We all sat in silence for some minutes while those fateful eyes still strained to pierce the veil.

THE END

HONEST JOE

for a month or so to keep you company while I'm gone."

He felt her gasp and shudder there in the starlit darkness that surrounded them; but, obeying his resolution, continued:

"Sam told me, last time I saw him, maybe he'd ask us to let her stay here, while he went up to Plumas County to do some assessment work, and—Poor thing! she's not well enough to travel."

He added this last with a sharp peer at Mary Ann, knowing that her companion always leaped to assist anyone in distress, and in the gloom he strolled to himself when he saw her start, and heard her say, "I ought to go right over there and see her if she's sick. I'll go with you tomorrow, Joe."

It was a dreadful parting. For more than twenty years they had never been far separated when darkness fell, and for each, now divided by miles, there was a vast loneliness which filled the hours with terror and foreboding.

He went directly to the county seat, and to the new stone building that had grown as if by magic on a spot where once he, as a packer, had been accustomed to camp with his burros. The recorder wondered why old Honest Joe wanted the records of some of the most useless land in the back hills and was apparently pleased to learn that it was still the property of the government and open to location. Also the banker, who had known him for so many years, wondered why he wanted to borrow money, and was amazed when told that he had no security to offer beyond his personal note. A young engineer was visited; a United States com-

A CASE OF NOBODY HOME

Continued from page 5

lives. Know what they call me here? Well, I'm the Hot Baby of Sunset Lake; and that ain't any hellboy's dream, either! I'm the one that starts things... Yes, and I keep 'em goin' too. Just peeled this place out from the resort ads in the Sunday edition; and it was some prize pick, believe me! A quiet, refined patronage of exclusive people, this picture pamphlet puts it, and I say to Deary, 'Me for that, with three wardrobe trunks full of glad rags!' So you can tell your friend with the face privet that we got to the country after all. Did I miss my guess? Never a miss! Why, say, some of these swell parties live on West End avenue and the Drive, and I can call half of 'em by their first names. Can't I, Deary?"

And Hackett Wells nods, smilin' at her fond and sappy.

"Drop round to the dancin'" pavilion later," says she, "and watch me pull him through the one-step. After that me and one of the boys is goin' to tear off a little Maxixe stuff that'll be as good as a school act, and about ten-thrity will tease Deary into openin' a couple of quarts in the cafe. So long! Don't forget, now!" And off she floats, noddin' cheerful right and left, and bein' escorted to her table by both head waiters.

I couldn't stave off meetin' Sadie's glance any longer. "Eh?" says I. "Why, that's only Mabel. Comin' little thing, ain't she?"

"Shorty," demands Sadie, "where on earth did you ever meet such a person?"

THEN, of course, I had to stretch out the whole story. It was high time; for Sadie's lips was set more or less firm. But when she hears about J. Bayard's wise-lac plans for settin' the Hackett Wells in some pastoral paradise, and how they get ditched by militant Mabel, she indulges in a grin smile.

"A brilliant pair of executors you and Mr. Steele are," says she, "if this is a sample of your work!"

"Ah, come, don't be rough, Sadie!" says she. "It's hard to tell, you know. What odds if they do have to go back to their Eighth avenue flat next week? They're satisfied. Anyway, Mabel is. She's New York born and bred, she is, and now she'd had her annual blow she don't care what happens. Next year, if Deary has on, they'll have another."

"But it's so foolish of them," insist Sadie.

"What else do you expect from a pair like that?" says I. "It's what they want most, ain't it? And there's plenty like 'em. Now, they ain't such bad folks, either. Their hearts are all there. Just a case of calamity in the upper stories; nobody home, you know."

missioner of lands, a county sheriff, and for two or three weeks Old Joe disappeared from the city.

When he returned he wrote a long letter to his wife, and boarded a railway train. He was so plainly ignorant of travel that the first forty-eight hours he rode in the smoking car, and it was only through the advice of a kindly hearted shrimper who sat next him, and noted his weariness, that he dared wander back to a sleeping car. Second class that it was, to Honest Joe it was a place of mysterious luxury.

"Times do change, I'll swear they do," he muttered to himself luxuriously in his berth, and the next he knew was when the curtains were drawn aside the following morning and he was asked if he wanted to eat. He tried the dining car, but the thoughtless laughed at him, and he thereafter bushily subsisted from lunch counters where the train stopped, and felt more at home. He had never taken such a trip before. He had not appreciated that it was so far from California to New York. He had vaguely surmised that the latter city must be very crowded and very busy, but when he stood on Manhattan island he was helplessly bewildered and lost. Small boys jeered him, and a policeman, recognizing that he was skeered, plumb doocey stitff, turned him over to a messenger boy, and directed that he be taken to a small hotel that once existed not far from the lower reaches of Gramercy Park.

THERE in his room for a day the ancient adventurer trembled and sought his desire to bolt, and fortune had courage by mental lashings, and strangled adapted that